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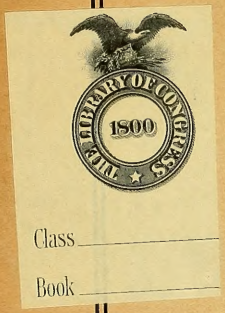
SNAPSHOTS



Class _____

Book _____

By

Helen Gaylord

Luzetta R. Sanders

Cora A. Sanders

(Authors of "Union Depot for a Day")

A One-Act Drama Representing Incidents and Happenings in a Photographer's Studio and Employing About Fifty People

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Canton, Illinois

1906

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Cast of Characters

Mr. Mason, photographer.
Bob—all-round assistant.
Miss Brown, retoucher.
Mr. Spratt, elderly farmer.
Clara Spratt, his daughter.
Members of Spinsters' Fortnightly club (six of them).
Mrs. Fondma and baby.
Miss Sylvia Fletcher.
Miss Eleanor Russell (Gibson girl tableau).
Two street waifs, Maggie and Jimmy (tableau).
Group of Giggling Girls (six of them.)
Miss Modesty Lookold.
Josiah Martin and wife, old settlers.
Joseph Briggs.
Jennie Briggs, his bride.
Jonas Barker, Jennie's father.
Alvira Barker, his bride.
Mrs. Arnold and baby (madonna and tableau).
Mrs. Flanagan.
Mrs. O'Brien.
Pat O'Brien, her son.
Mrs. Dusenberry (with her dog Fido).
The Apollo club—Phil, Dick and Max.
Four generations—great-grandmother, grandmother, mother and child.
Mr. Deafman.
Carrie, his daughter-in-law.
Mr. Carey (his mother's picture).
Mrs. Coaxwell and daughter, Blossom.
Grandma Coaxwell.
George Washington Johnson.
Miss Malinda Snowball (cakewalk tableau).
Harvey Atherton.
Miss Stafford.
William Porter, Jacob Kaiser and Ephraim Watson, old soldiers (closing tableau).

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SNAPSHOTS

The curtain rises, revealing a photographer's studio, with camera, and other accessories, a show case containing photographs, and photographs on the wall, etc.

There should be a door to reception room and if practicable a door to dressing room; if not, one door can be used for both, or a dressing room may be made with screens and provided with washbowl, and other toilet facilities. There must be a door to the dark room. For the sake of simplicity the drama is arranged in one scene, and much that might properly take place in the reception room takes place in the camera room where the pictures are taken. It has been the purpose to account for this and make it appear natural that these scenes should take place in the camera room and enough chairs should be provided beside those for the "sitters."

If it is practicable it would be effective in the earlier part of the play, say when the "Group of Giggling Girls" is on, to have the procession pass with the sound of bands and fife and drums, too, if possible, and all run to the windows, etc.

In taking a picture the camera and the photographer are naturally between the audience and the group whose picture is being taken. This can be obviated without sacrificing the naturalness by having the camera placed to the extreme right or left of the stage and well to the front, and the "posers" may sit in the center of the stage and as well to the front as is consistent with the camera's position.

The photographer has the advantage that he does not have to wait until his subjects are really posed rightly; he can press the bulb and take the picture at the proper stage in the conversation, though, of course, those which form tableaux should be posed carefully and effectively.

A camera may be made by taking a square goods box about the size of the box part of a photographer's camera (a kodak is too small), putting a tube in it and mounting it on a tripod and covering it with a cloth. A small rubber tube with a bulb may be attached.

Some camera "plates" may be obtained and these must be carried back and forth to the dark room when pictures are being taken.

When the curtain rises, Miss Brown, the retoucher, is at her work near a window.

Bob is everywhere, dusting and arranging furniture. Throughout the play he can keep up a by-play by pantomime behind the chief actors.

A soldiers' reunion is in progress in the town. As the curtain rises the music of a band is heard or the music of fife and drum.

Bob (to Miss Brown)—The old vets are gathering. They must be going to the 8:30 train to meet another delegation. The natives hiked out early, for the town was full when I came to work. I say, Miss B., what makes you look so glum? You and Hennery quarrel last night?

Miss Brown—You be still. Who told you about it?

Bob—Aha! I thought as much. Won't you confide in me? Tell a man your troubles.

Miss B—You old torment!

Bob—I was out calling on a young lady, myself, last evening.

Miss B—You calling on a young lady! You're nothing but a kid.

Bob—So old folks tell me. I didn't get home until 11 o'clock.

Miss B—Did the young lady have to get the hired girl to take the little boy home at that late hour?

Bob—Oh, ring off! I tell you I looked swell in my new togs last night, and I made a deep impression. She was hard hit.

Miss B—Knocked silly, no doubt—sillier than she was before.

(There must be a mirror in which Bob can admire himself once in awhile.)

(Bob is looking in mirror.)

Miss B—Looking for your mustache? You will have to get a searchlight to find it.

Bob (with important air)—I shaved last night, so of course it can't be seen. Was late getting calling because I had to shave.

Miss B—Had to—nothing! It must have been a laborious task on those peachy cheeks.

Bob—I was going to tell you about my swell get-up. My new suit is a dindy, with one of these long-tailed coats and my necktie—say! It was out of sight!

Miss B—Out of sight—well, I guess not, if it was that new one you had on here the other day. Thought I'd have to get some dark glasses.

Bob—Well, your eyes are failing anyway. The fair one begged me to call again (struts around), and I may shed the light of my presence in her humble abode once more.

(Enter Mr. Spratt and daughter Clara.)

Bob (advancing effusively)—Good morning! Are you wanting pictures today? We can do them up for you to the queen's taste. What kind would you like?

Mr. Spratt—Don't be so fast, sonny. Who said we wanted pictures? I wouldn't have a young snip like you take them anyway. Where's the boss?

(Enter Mr. Mason.)

Mr. S—Say, mister, the girls want me to have my likeness took, they want to have me and maw enlarged.

Mr. M—Well, Mr. Spratt, I think we can do it to your satisfaction.

Mr. S—I was just dead set ag'in it and am yit, for that matter. I ain't had my picture took for 20 years, but Laury and Clary wouldn't give me no peace, and nothing would do but I must come. They are going to have me and maw enlarged, and we have a splendid likeness of maw. Is this where I must set? (Goes over and sits down). Now, fire away!

Clara—W'y, paw, your hair is all mussed up and your necktie is all crooked. Let me fix you.

Mr. S—I knowed 'twould be just so. I wanted the worst way to come without that necktie, my picture would look more nateral like, but Laury and Clary most had a connipshen fit.

Clara—Now, paw, go in there and slick up your hair.

(He goes into dressing room. Photographer adjusts screens.)

Bob (aside)—Won't he be a "beaut" on the wall, in a white and gold and silver frame?

(Mr. Spratt returns with hair very plainly wet and painfully plastered.)

Clara—For the land's sake! paw, your hair ain't parted straight yet. (Goes to him and fixes his hair with her hands and straightens his necktie).

Mr. S—There, there, Clary, let me be. Now go ahead, mister. These girls get mighty fussy when the young fellers come shining around.

Clara—Now, paw! (Looks conscious.)

Mr. S—Laury and Clary would not rest, till they got me to fix up the parlor. I got 'em a new carpet, body brussels, and curtains, these thin lacey kind that you can see through, but no 'count to wear and they got a plush album and a hull lot of other gimcracks, and they want me and maw enlarged to put on the wall.

(Mr. M. works at posing his subject.)

Clara—We've got some awful nice new furniture, too. It's red plush—perfectly lovely.

Mr. S—We got the hull set at a bargain—$13.98. The catalogue said it was really a fourteen-dollar set—Sears, Roebuck, you know.

Mr. M—Now get ready, Mr. Spratt.

Mr. S—All right. Them chairs and sofy are mighty fine to look at, but awful poor to set on. When I go in the room of an evening in my stocking feet to hear Laury play the organ, I take in one of the kitchen chairs and Laury and Clary are mighty put out about it, but I can't set comfortable no how in them new chairs.

Mr. M—Ready, Mr. Spratt.

(Mr. Spratt sits bolt upright, looking exactly as if he were being "took," and the picture is taken.)

Mr. M—All through, Mr. Spratt.

Mr. S—Got it took a'ready?

Mr. M—Yes; you'll want to come in and see how they are going to look.

Mr. S—No, no; I'll just come in and get 'em when they're done.

Clara—W'y, paw, we want to see 'em. We want 'em good when you are going to be enlarged. (To Mr. M.) We don't have to pay one penny to get the pictures enlarged; we just pay $9.75 for each frame and he does the enlarging for nothing, and the frames are perfectly beautiful—heavy and broad, with lots of gold and silver. Paw, you can get the proof Saturday when you come to town with the oats.

Mr. S—All right; but we must be going, Clary. (To Mr. M.) These girls are mighty particular how us old fellers look, but it's only the young fellers they care for after all and some of these days Clary'll be goin' off with one on 'em.

Clara (looking coy and conscious)—Now, paw! [Exit.]

(Enter members of Fortnightly Spinsters' club—Margaret, Carrie, Louise, Belle, Ada and Alice, all in old-fashioned costume.)

Margaret—Good morning, Mr. Mason. Can you take a picture of our club today?

Mr. M—Well, I don't know, Miss Margaret. I have been quite busy—

Louise—Oh, we know this is reunion day, but really, Mr. Mason, you just must take us.

Mr. M—Oh, come now; you are going to try your arts on me, are you. Take you all? Why, I'd be a second Brigham Young!

Belle—That's a good one on you, Louise? They don't often get ahead of you, but Mr. Mason tallies one this time.

Lou—Mr. Mason knew very well what I meant, and I don't think his remarks very brilliant if the rest of you do.

Mr. M—I beg pardon, Miss Patton, I meant no harm. Jokes ought to go after last night. You were a fetching lot and covered yourselves with glory. It was rich. I don't know when I have laughed so much. It was great.

Carrie (striking an attitude)—Saw you e'er such an aggregation of full ripe beauty?

Mr. M—Never, I assure you, and proud man who can resist such an appeal as was made by the spinsters is harder of heart than I profess to be.

Belle (to Ada in an aside)—I believe he's more than half in earnest. I've thought for some time there was something up between him and Louise.

Ada—So have I, and I believe that is why she flared up so.

Carrie—You'd better be careful, Mr. Mason; as we grow older we may grow bolder.

Alice—I'm sure we'll do our best to make a proper match.

Mar—Come, girls, we must not keep Mr. Mason any longer by our nonsense. Let us take our places and see if we can get a picture fit to be hung on the walls of congress along with our petition.

Alice—He hasn't said yet that he will condescend to even consider our request, but he just must not refuse when we have gotten all ready, which we were foolish to do. (Tragically) Oh, man, because of our charms be not thou afraid, wilt thou, oh, wilt thou take a spinster or a maid?

Mr. M (with hand on heart)—With pleasure fair lady. Behold me at your service.

Lou—Well, let's pose and get through with this.

(While Mr. M gets camera ready girls behind him act in pantomime and talk in an aside.)

Carrie (with a wave of her hand to Mr. M)—What a piece of work is man.

Ada—Still the bachelors pursuing, till we each a husband get.

Belle—Man, the hope of every spinster heart.

Miss B—Bob, I wish you would please bring me that brush from the case out there.

Bob—'Tain't safe to go near that outfit. A man of my numerous and varied charms would be snatched up before he knew where he was at.

Miss B—Whoever took you would drop you like a hot potato when she got a good look. It would jar you all right, too, and you need to be jarred some.

Mr. M—Now, I am ready, ladies.

(When arranged for picture):

Carrie—Spinsters sitting in a row, each one wishing for a beau.

—Behold our beauty so rare, unclaimed treasures, I declare.

Mar—Oh, girls, do keep still. What will Mr. Mason think of us?

(All settle down and picture is taken.)

Mr. M—Now, just sit still and I will take a second, to be sure to get a good one. That will do.

Belle (heaving a big sigh)—I do wonder how we will look.

Mr. M—I assure you 'twill be as fine a group of spinsters as ere the sun shone on. Of course you will allow me one for my show window. I shall be mighty proud of it.

Lou—Put us in if you want to. I wonder which sitting will be best? You may take your choice.

Mr. M—Take my choice of the spinsters? I will indeed. I have been waiting long for your permission, Louise.

(Louise should be last, and she runs off with a most conscious look on her face.)

(Enter Mrs. Fondma and baby.)

Bob—Why, good morning, Mrs. Fondma, how's the kid today? Going to have another picture?

Mrs. F—I thought I would. Where is Mr. Mason?

Bob—He'll be in soon. (Goes to the baby) How'do, kid. Here, shake hands with a man. Now, sit up and take notice. There, now, don't go to making faces. That's bad form, you know. Guess a squall is brewing.

Mrs. F—Why, darling, 'at's a nice, 'ittle boy (Miss Brown laughs). He wouldn't hurt anybody for anys'ing.

Bob (aside)—I like that! (To Mrs. F) I don't wonder you have her picture taken often. She's the cutest kid that ever came over the pike. Mrs. Fondma, you really ought to get a picture every week.

Mrs. F—Why, I've said that very same thing myself. For she surely is the sweetest little duckling that ever lived.

Bob—She's a little beaut. Just the image of you, Mrs. Fondma.

Mrs. F—Oh, do you think so? So many say she looks like her papa. I must say I think you have most elegant taste, and wisdom far beyond your years. (Miss Brown laughs.)

Bob (aside)—There she goes again. (To Mrs. F.) Well, I flatter myself that I am a judge of beauty.

(Enter Mr. Mason.)

Mrs. F—How are you, Mr. Mason. I came to have another picture taken of baby.

Mr. M—Well, I think we can manage it.

Mrs. F—Such a time as I've had getting here! There's a regular mob in the streets. I think all the baby cabs in town are out. What mothers mean by taking their little ones in such a crowd is more than I can understand. Why, I'd no more thought of bringing my precious out in such a throng than anything, if I hadn't wanted her picture. It's been two whole months since you took that last picture.

Mr. M—Get her ready, Mrs. Fondma.

Mrs. F—I'm so glad you can take baby right away, for the parade is to begin soon and as I'm down town I may as well see it. Doesn't baby look cute this morning, Miss Brown? B'ess her 'ittle life! We's doin' to have a pitty 'ittle picture, ain't we, sweetness? (Puts baby in chair.)

Mr. M—Excuse me. I will be back in a few moments.

Mrs. F—Now, let mamma fix her coaties all right (gets brush and comb). I wonder how I'd better comb her hair. Bob, how shall I comb her hair this time?

Bob—She'd look fine and dandy with it parted on the side.

Mrs. F—That's just it. I never had it that way before. (Parts hair.) Now, doesn't she look too cute for anything? Oh, you sweet little angel!

Mr. M (coming from dark room)—Do you want full length, or just head and shoulders this time?

Mrs. F—Let me see. Oh, take full length, for I want the work on this dress to show. (Arranges an elaborately trimmed dress.) Does mamma's 'ittle darling want her teenty weenty booties to show? B'ess her 'ittle heart. Now sit up like a lady and let the man take muzzer's 'ittle bunch of sweetness. Just look at her, Mr. Mason! Isn't she the sweetest thing?

(Mr. M. has bird, jumping jack, etc. He dances around and tries the various devices to attract the baby's attention.)

Mrs. F—There, there, can't you get that expression? Oh, she's moved. Sit still, darling. (As Mr. M. gets her so he is about to press the bulb): Oh, Mr. Mason, wait a minute. I forgot to put on her little new ring. Why, I wouldn't have that left off for anything in the world!

(Puts on ring and picture is taken.)

Mrs. F—Tum 'ittle sweetheart, tell the man byebye, wave 'ittle hannie. Mr. Mason, isn't she the sweetest baby you ever saw in your life?

Mr. M (with the air of a martyr)—Y-e-s. [Exit Mrs. F. with baby.]

(Enter Miss Sylvia Fletcher.)

Miss F—Good morning, Mr. Mason; can you take a picture this morning?

Mr. M—We're pretty busy but we will try.

Miss F (going to door of dressing room)—Yes, he'll do it. Get ready.

Mr. M—What scheme have you now, Miss Fletcher? What mystery have you concealed there?

Miss F—Oh, none whatever, Mr. Mason. I want Miss Russell, Eleanor, to pose as a Gibson girl and I have had all kinds of trouble to get her to consent. I'm afraid she'll back out yet, but because she returns to New Haven Friday she has yielded.

(Miss R. appears, gotten up as a Gibson girl. She is tall and stately, with a long neck, her hair is done high, with rippling waves with pompadour effect.) [Gibson pictures are easily obtained. The neck is often dressed very low, but there are those with V-shaped necks that are practicable.]

Miss R—This is all nonsense, but I do it to please you, Sylvia.

Miss F—You are a dear to consent. Now look your very stateliest, my Lady Eleanor.

(She poses.)

Miss F—There, that is perfect. [Tableau and colored lights.]

(If it is desired to dispense with the Gibson girl, Miss Fletcher may call on some other errand—to look at proofs, say, and thus encounter street waifs.)

(Enter two waifs, ragged and dirty and dust-stained—one a girl of ten or twelve, leading a little boy about two years younger.)

Maggie—Please, sir, is this where they take picters?

Mr. M—Yes, my child; what can we do for you?

Maggie (untying one corner of a dirty handkerchief and taking out two pennies, which she holds in her hand and extends toward Mr. M.)—Please, sir, here's the money. We want two picters.

Mr. M—This is not the place where they take pictures at a penny apiece. The man who did that left town a week ago.

Maggie (her face falls and she looks about ready to cry)—Oh, Jimmy, the man that took picters for a penny is gone. What'll we do?

Jim—Dunno. Say Maggie, can't you buy that kite for me we saw in the winder?

Maggie—No, sir, Jimmy, we must have our picters took if we can.

Miss F (who has been listening)—So you want your pictures taken?

Maggie—Yes, ma'am, we do.

Miss F—And what are your names?

Maggie—Maggie and Jimmie, please, ma'am.

Miss F—Maggie and Jimmie what?

Maggie—Please, ma'am, I don't know. Jimmy and me is orphans. We hain't got no pa and ma.

Miss F (aside)—Poor little waifs. (To Maggie) Where do you live?

Maggie—At Middleport.

Miss F—Do you mean to tell me that you have walked all that distance?

Maggie—Oh, no; lots of folks was good and give us a lift.

Jim—We runned off, we did.

Maggie (reproachfully)—Jimmy!

Miss F—And whom did you run off from?

Maggie—Old Granny Gray. She got drunk and beat us awful.

Jim—She licked us like all get out, she did. Golly, she made us dance a jig!

Maggie (very reproachfully)—Jimmy!

Miss F—And why do you want your pictures taken?

Maggie—We 'lowed, ma'am, if we could get our picters took and put in the newspaper, somebody'd 'dopt us, and we want to be 'dopted, we do.

Miss F—You poor little darlings! Mr. Mason, I want you to take their pictures just as they are.

Mr. M—Certainly, Miss Fletcher.

Miss F—Come, little people, you are going to have your pictures taken.

Maggie (face lighting up)—Really and truly?

Miss F—Yes, really and truly. Come over here.

Maggie (joyfully)—Oh, Jimmy!

(Miss Russell enters from dressing room. Children pose, Miss F. arranging them effectively. Tableau and colored light.)

Miss F—And now wouldn't you like to go with me and see what we can find to eat? You must be very hungry.

Jim—You bet yer boots! I'm holler clean through.

Maggie—Jimmy! Please 'scuse him, ma'am; he hain't had no schoolin'.

Miss F—And have you had schooling, little mother?

Maggie—Oh, yes, ma'am; I went to school one whole winter, but Jimmy ain't had no 'vantages.

Miss F—Jimmy's all right; but come with us and get something to eat. (Maggie hangs back.) What is it, Maggie?

Maggie—Please, ma'am, where is the picters we had took?

Miss F—Oh, is that the trouble? Mr. Mason has to finish them, little one. We will come back in a few days and get them.

Maggie—All right. Thank you, ma'am.

Miss F—The little mother has a wisdom far beyond us grownups, with all our boasted knowledge. We never would have thought of it, but her shrewd little plan of getting "'dopted" is practicable, I believe. Let us try it, Eleanor.

Miss R—All right; I am willing.

Miss F—We will have their picture put in the paper, with their story, and I am sure it will appeal to some lonely woman, who will take them to her heart and home. [Exit Miss F. and Miss R. with children.]

(Enter group of giggling girls—Mabel, Elizabeth, Rachel, Sarah, Anna and Gertrude.)

Gertrude—I don't know, Elizabeth, whether I like this scheme of yours or not.

Elizabeth—Oh, come now, Miss Prim, what's the matter with it?

Ger—But what will this young man think of us? I'm afraid we will be rather unwelcome guests.

Anna—Think! What do we care what he thinks? We are helping Elizabeth out. A friend in need is a friend indeed, you know.

Sarah—But what is the meaning of all this anyway, Elizabeth. I know we are going to have our pictures taken, but what for? Where the crowd goes, I go, but I must confess I'm in the dark.

Eliz—Why, don't you know? I thought I had told you all, but I forgot you were not at school the day I told the girls. Well, it is only a joke. One evening when Cousin Philip was writing me a letter his chum came in and wanted to know to whom he was writing. Philip told him and he said let me write a few lines. I answered, and we have been corresponding ever since. Philip speaks very highly of him and we have found out that our mothers were schoolmates. Now he wants my picture and he is going to have it, but I'll set him guessing when he beholds this group.

Sarah—Gracious! I'd have worn my best frock if I had known I was going into the presence of one of the lords of creation. How perfectly charming! How romantic! I already smell the orange blossoms.

Eliz—Oh, don't be silly!

Mabel—It's a jolly lark, I say.

Rachel—But don't you suppose your cousin has described you to him?

Eliz—No, for he promised me faithfully he would not.

Mr. M—I am ready for you now, young ladies.

Mabel—I can't keep my face straight; I know I can't.

Sarah—I'm full of giggles from my toes up to my head.

Rachel—Well, I'm glad you've at last got something in your head. But don't you make me laugh or I will cut your acquaintance.

Ger—Won't that y. m. be surprised when we swoop down upon him?

Sarah—Poor youth; I'm afraid it will be a shock to his nerves.

Anna—Your cake will be all dough, Elizabeth, when he sees my beautiful face smiling at him from the picture.

Mabel—The conceit of some people! (Strikes an attitude.) Remember I am in this picture.

Rachel—Oh, there are others.

Mr. M—Now, young ladies, I am waiting. (All try to look serious, when Sarah begins giggling and starts the rest.)

Ger—Sarah, I do wish you would behave.

Sarah—I know, but you all did look so funny.

Mr. M—Young ladies, I am waiting.

(Sober down again.)

Mr. M—Miss Sarah, I believe I would rather have you here, and Miss Elizabeth, I think you would look better down here in front.

Eliz—But, Mr. Mason, I don't want too conspicuous a place in this picture.

Anna—No. Mr. Mason, Elizabeth thinks that distance lends enchantment, and takes a back seat.

Mr. M—All right, Miss Elizabeth, stay where you are, and Miss Gertrude come around here.

Ger—I? Oh, I can't be right out there in front.

Mabel—Oh, go on, Gertrude; you'll lend dignity to the picture. (Gertrude goes reluctantly.)

Mr. M—All right now, young ladies. Miss Elizabeth, I wish you would look a little more to the right; Miss Mabel, please hold your chin a little higher. (With this, Sarah breaks out once more, and others follow.)

Anna—Mr. Mason, please excuse Sarah while she empties her head of those giggles.

Rachel—Poor head; and must it become an aching void once more.

Mr. M—Young ladies, we are wasting a good deal of valuable time.

Ger—Girls, you are enough to try the patience of a saint. Now do behave and let Mr. Mason take our picture.

Mabel—All right; I am ready to be took.

Sarah—Yes, we all know that—in more ways than one.

Mabel—Right again, fair maiden.

Ger—Now you girls settle down here and behave. (Settle down and picture is taken.)

Eliz—When can we see them? I'm just dying to see the proofs.

Mr. M—Saturday.

Mabel—I do wonder which one he will guess. Be sure to tell us all about it, Elizabeth.

Sarah—Yes, and be sure to invite us all to the wedding. [Exit.]

Bob—That's a lively bunch. I'd take one of them myself if they would not all speak at once.

Miss B—Huh, kid, they'd take you and spank you and send you home to your ma.

(Enter Miss Modesty Lookold.)

Miss Lookold—Is my proof ready, Mr. Mason?

Mr. M—Yes, Miss Lookold. Bob, bring Miss Modesty Lookold's proof.

(Bob brings proof to Mr. Mason.) Here you are, and I am sure you can find no fault this time; it is an excellent likeness.

Miss L—(looking critically at proof)—You call that good? Say that is an excellent likeness? Why, Mr. Mason, where are your eyes? You don't expect me to believe that I have such a looking nose as that, do you? And look at the mouth. Why, I'm surprised that you have the temerity to say I resemble that proof. Just see the wrinkles! Any one would take me to be at least thirty-five years old to look at this.

Bob (aside)—Sufferin' snakes! Wouldn't that frost you? Thirty-five! She wouldn't know forty-five if she met it, it's been so long since she saw it.

Mr. M (concealing smile)—You understand, Miss Lookold, that many of these wrinkles will be taken out in retouching. I'll leave it to Miss Brown if this isn't a good picture.

Miss L—Oh, you needn't ask her opinion. Don't you think I can see for myself? Why, my best friends wouldn't recognize this. Such a horrid expression. I know I never looked like that.

Mr. M—Then you think it won't do?

Miss L—Do? Well, I should say not! I'll pose once more, Mr. Mason, and if you can't get a more satisfactory picture, I'll have to try some other artist. I have a particular reason for wanting these pictures handsome and I will not accept them unless they are handsome—look like me, you know.

Mr. M—I'm very willing, Miss Lookold, to have you try another artist. I'll give you one more sitting and if you are not satisfied I will have to give it up.

Miss L—Oh, now, Mr. Mason, don't get angry. We've always been such good friends. (Looks at him archly.) I'd hate to quarrel over a picture. I'll get ready at once and I do hope you will be able to catch my happiest expression. (Retires to dressing room.)

Mr. M—Two and two make four any way you fix 'em and a homely woman makes a homely picture any way you fix her.

Bob—I say, Miss Brown, did you see that "ad" in the paper? Slumbering Isaac! I've got it! the old girl is going to send her photograph to that bachelor who advertised for a wife. Won't he get a prize—a regular booby prize?

(Miss Lookold returns primped and fixed with great care.)

Miss L—I do wonder if I'm all right. I wish I had brought some one along to see if I look right. Won't you look me over, Miss Brown, and see if my curls are arranged and my collar straight? (Seats herself.) Don't you think it would be fetching if I'd sit with my hand to my face like this? (Leans head on hand displaying a number of rings.)

Miss B—Don't you think it would give you a tired look?

Miss L—Oh, dear, I hadn't thought of that, but I do want my rings to show.

Mr. M—I'm waiting, Miss Lookold, and as I'm very busy today, every minute counts.

Miss L—O fie, Mr. Mason, you aren't cross yet, are you? Well, I'll be good now. (Gets a simper on her face and the picture is taken.)

Mr. M—That will do.

Miss L—Oh, how anxious I am to know how I'll look. When may I see the proof?

Mr. M—Saturday.

Miss L—I shall be in such dreadful suspense till then. Be sure you make it handsome, make it look like me, you know. [Exit Miss Lookold.]

(Enter Josiah Martin and wife, old settlers.)

Mr. Martin—Well, mister, one of them fellers that writes for the ——————— was down our way t'other day and wrote me and my wife up for the "Old Settlers' Reminiscences," and he wants our pictures for the paper. We hain't had no pictures took since before the war but reckon we'll have to have some now.

Mr. Mason—All right, we can take them for you.

Mr. Martin—That feller wrote an awful good piece about us. I told him how I come here back in the 30's when the country was a wilderness and when there was Indians here and what great changes I have saw, and he took it all down. He took it down, too, how I killed two catermounts, a lynx and any number of deers and wolves and wildcats.

Bob (aside)—There, there! Look out, old boy, you're stretchin' it a leetle in telling of "wild animals you have met."

Mr. Mason—Shall I take your pictures separate? They will be better that way for the paper.

Mr. Martin—Mebbe so, mebbe so, but mother and me like to keep pretty close together nowadays. Mother, you set first. (Mrs. Martin sits down and Mr. Mason arranges and poses her, Mr. Martin talking). That reporter feller didn't leave out, either, that I was one of the "boys of 61," and he wrote up my war record so it makes the purtiest readin' you ever heard.

Mr. Mason—Look a little more to the left, Mrs. Martin.

Mr. Martin—I was a member of the old Fifty-fifth Illinois Volunteer infantry you know, and he wrote all about Shiloh and Pittsburg Landing, the siege of Vicksburg, Kenesaw Mountain, Chattynoogy and Missionary Ridge, an' how I was there on the fightin' line an' it reads just like a book. [And regiment of local fame, and the battles in which it was engaged, may be substituted for the foregoing.]

Mr. Mason—There, Mrs. Martin, I think we have a good picture of you. Now, Mr. Martin, it is your turn.

Mr. Martin—All right. I thought this would be a good time to get pictur's, when we was comin' to the reunion, for I couldn't miss this reunion nohow. I tell you it does us old boys good to meet this way and live over those fightin' times of the 60's round our camp fires, an' when I git in line, with the fife an' drums goin' an' Old Glory leadin' on, I'm thrilled clean through and I just hev to cheer or my old heart'll bust—but I'll set down now and let you get my pictur'. (Mr. Mason poses him.)

Bob—The old boy got a leetle mite excited. The vets are a jolly lot anyway and I don't blame them for whoopin' her up strong.

Miss B—I could give a few cheers myself for the gallant old fellows.

Bob—Say! If I could be in a war like that, instead of in a little two by four picture shop, I'd make things hum. I'd shoulder my gun and rush into the thickest of the fray. I'd do things then!

Miss B—Oh, come off now! At the first smell of powder, or the first glimpse of the enemy you'd cut and run as fast as your legs could carry you.

Bob—Huh! My extraordinary abilities are not appreciated around this joint, that's very evident.

(Picture is taken and as Mr. Martin starts away):

Mr. Martin—Mr. Mason, you want to be sure and read that piece about us when it comes out in the paper. That reporter has put some awful nice poetry in it. I had him draw it off for me. It goes something like this:

This land was once so wild and drear,
Where Indians roamed, lynx, wolves and deer,
Now well-tilled farms, and homes we see;
Where once the wilderness used to be,
Now flourish cows and hogs and sheep,
And wheat and hay and corn, a heap;
Potatoes, too, and oats and rye,
And likewise pumpkin pie.

Bob—That's strikingly like Browning!

(Joseph Briggs and wife, Jennie, a newly-married couple, appear at door of reception room. Jennie pushes Joseph, who is very awkward and bashful, through the doorway.)

Jennie (in a stage whisper)—Go on, Joe; ask him.

Joe—Mister, co-could you take our picture real quick?

Mr. M—Not just now; I'll have to ask you to wait a little while. Just

step into the reception room. [Exit Mr. M.]

Jen—You wait right here, Joe, and I'll be getting ready. (She goes into dressing room.)

Bob—That guy don't dare say his soul's his own. Easy to see who'll rule that ranch. There, Miss Brown, you can behold yourself and Hennery three years from now.

(Jennie appears at door of reception room with a hair curler, curling her hair).

Jen—My, won't pa be awful mad when he finds out?

Jo—You don't suppose he—he'll sh-shoot, do you?

Jen—He'll shoot off his mouth, that'll be all the shooting he'll do, but he'll be awful dumbfounded. He'll just more than thrash around.

Jo—Oh, wi-will he thrash me (looking scared). I guess I'd better—

Jen—You silly goose, no, he won't thrash you; he'll tear around, but I'll manage him all right. I fixed him last night about his marrying. I told him once for all that I would not have that simpering Miss Simpkins for a stepmother, but if he'd marry the Widow Green I'd have nothing to say. He was as meek as a lamb and said he believed he'd go and see the widow. So that's settled. I always have managed pa. (All this is said in the intervals as Jennie goes back and forth from the dressing room heating her curler and curling her hair. She returns very quickly each time and stands in the door while she talks so she can be heard well.)

(Enter Mr. Mason.)

Mr. M—Now, I'm ready. What style picture would you like?

Jo—What kind do we want, Jennie?

Jen—We want only one picture just now. We may get more when we don't have so many expenses.

Mr. M—We don't often furnish a single picture—

Jen. (interrupting)—We don't want no single picture. We want a double one together. We're married—married this morning.

Mr. M—All right; sit down.

(Joe sits in chair, stiff as a ramrod. Jennie stands behind, a little to the left, with her hand on his shoulder—everybody knows the pose. As they get fixed, giving audience full effect, enter Jennie's father, Jonas Barker, with lady on his arm. Joe rises in great fear and Jennie shows consternation. Mr. Barker and companion pause transfixed when they see them.)

Mr. Barker (in a harsh voice)—Well, I'd like to know what this means, Jane Barker, you here with Joe Briggs when you are to marry George Blackburn?

Jen—And I'd like to know why you are here with Miss Simpkins when you are going to marry the Widow Green?

Mrs. B (tossing her head)—So you were shining around the Widow Green were you, and going to marry her, too?

Joe (to Jennie)—And you were going to marry George Blackburn, were you?

Mr. B (to his wife)—No, Alvira, I never cared for the Widow Green; I just let Jennie think so until I could get married to you.

Jen—Now, Joe, you needn't go to getting jealous. Pa wanted me to have George the worst way and I just worked pa that way and let him think that until I could get matters arranged.

Mr. B—Are you two married, young man?

Jo—Ye-yes we-we-we're married, bu-but we won't do it again.

Mr. B—Well, Jennie, I guess we both stole a march and managed our marrying to please ourselves. All's well that ends well. Alvira and I were going to sit for our pictures, too, and we may as well all sit together and have a family group.

(Men sit down and the women stand behind, each with a hand on her husband's shoulder. Bob darts over and stands behind Miss Brown with his hand on her shoulder, posing with most exaggerated pantomime.)

Mr. B (when picture is taken)—We'll be in next week. Come on now; it's my treat, I guess, and we'll celebrate with a wedding dinner of chicken and icecream. (The two couples pass out arm in arm. Bob seizes Miss Brown by the arm and follows in the rear mimicking as they promenade.)

Bob—We'll get in on that chicken and iceceram.

(Enter Mrs. Arnold with her baby. She is dressed as a madonna, with drapery over her head. Any madonna may be copied, according to the type of person taking the part.)

Mrs. Arnold—Well, Mr. Mason, I am ready. You say you have that picture of that modern madonna? Mr. Arnold admires it so much and is foolish enough to think he sees a resemblance. Of course it is only a fancy, but I am going to humor his whim and have a picture specially for him. (Mr. Mason looks at the picture and poses Mrs. A. When all is arranged, tableau and colored light. Exit Mrs. A.)

(Enter Mrs. Flanagan.)

Mrs. Flanagan—Good mornin', Mr. Mason; here's thim butther and eggs I wuz to fetch yez. And hav ye Maggie's pictur' finished yit?

Mr. M—I have the proofs ready for you, Mrs. Flanagan. (Brings proofs and shows her.) What do you think of them?

Mrs. F—Thot's Maggie, all right, it is thot; but I belave I like this wan bist.

Mr. M—You take them home with you and see what Maggie thinks of them.

Mrs. F—I'll do thot same, I will shure. I'll be back the first of the wake and bring yez some more butther and eggs.

Mr. M—All, right, Mrs. Flanagan.

Mrs. F—Good day, Mr. Mason; the saints be good to yez.

(As she is going out she meets Mrs. O'Brien coming in with her son Pat, aged about 10 or 12 years, red haired, freckle-faced and awkward, with "long" trousers too short for him.)

Mrs. F—Well would yez look at thot now, if it ain't Mrs. O'Brien. Shure and it's a long toime since I caught a glimpse of yez. And is this little Pat, yer baby?

Mrs. O'B—Well, Mrs. Flanagan, has the wurruld turned upside down thot I sees yes; I shure thought yez was dead and buried. Yis, this is me youngest, me baby b'y. And how are all of yez? How is Moike and the childer?

Mrs. F—Ah, they're all well, bad 'cess to 'em. Annie, she's got the whoopin' cough, Maggie she's had an exposure to the masles, and Johnnie he's stuck a forruk in his fut. So this is little Pat? My! how he's growed. And are yez goin' to have yer pictur' took, me b'y?

Pat—Yep.

Mrs. F—Oh, the shwate pictur' thot he'll make, ond how much he looks like his mither. And how old are yez, my darlint?

Pat—Dunnow.

Mrs. F—Do yez moind that now? The bright b'y thot he is! Will yez give me one of yer pictur's?

Pat—Nope.

Mrs. O'B—Indade he will, Mrs. Flanagan. He'll be plazed to do it. And have ye hurrud that James O'Donnell is dead?

Mrs. F—No, now. What did he die of?

Mrs. O'B—The docther said it was heart failin'—failed batin' intoirely, yez know.

Mrs. F—Yez don't say now! Had he been sick long?

Mrs. O'B—Shure, an' he wasn't. It was very suddent, very. He went to bed a well mon the night before, and woke up a daid corpse the next marning, and they never knowed what aileded him until they found out. And shpakin' of hard luck, did yez know thot James Cassidy's youngest boy Jimmy had a tindincy?

Mrs. F—And phwat's a tindincy?

Mrs. O'B—And don't yez know phwat a tindincy is? Why a tindincy is somethin' yez hain't got, but are loikely to have onny minute.

Mrs. F—Wud ye think it? Too bad, too bad! They'll niver live to raise that b'y. I've always said they niver would. He's too shmart entoirely. I wonder if he'll have to have an oppyration?

Mrs. O'B—I'm thinkin' so, Mrs. Flanagan. Mrs. Casey tould me that Mrs. Milligan told her thot she heard they had an autopsis and found they'll have to remove the diaphragm. But I must be goin', for I left me gurrul, Biddy, at the wash tub. Come and see me, Mrs. Flanagan, now do.

Mrs. F—Indade and I will, and you come and see me and don't forget to give me one of Pat's pictures.

Mrs. O'B—I'll do thot. Good bye. Come, Pat, me b'y. (To Mr. M.) Can ye take Pat's pictur', Misther Mason?

Mr. M—Yes, Mrs. O'Brien. What kind of picture do you want?

Mrs. O'B—A photygraf, Mr. Mason, just a photygraf.

Mr. M—Yes, I understand that, but do you want just head and shoulders, or full length?

Mrs. O'B (looking at boy admiringly)—Well, I dunnow, Mr. Mason, I dunnow. He looks so foine in long pants, I belave I'll have his intoire figger. Some b'ys is so awkward in their furrust long pants, but it's not my b'y that is. Yez had better go and let me fix yer hair a bit, Pat, me darlint. (They go to dressing room.)

Bob—Well, just ain't he a lulu in those high waters? Did you ever see a shitepoke, Miss Brown?

Miss B—No, I don't know as I ever met up with one. What is it like?

Bob—You are painfully unsophisticated, Miss Brown. I blush for you. A shitepoke, my child, is a sand hill crane, and just about as graceful a

bird as Pat of the high waters. (Pat and Mrs. O'Brien return, Pat with wet hair and shining face.) Look at the fiery hair on him. You wouldn't need a flash light to take his picture at night. The boss'll have to darken up things a bit, I'm thinkin'.

Mrs. O'B—Faith, and ain't he a foine lookin' b'y, Misther Mason?

Mr. M—Yes, indeed. Come now, Pat, look pleasant. (Pat grins a broad grin.)

Mrs. O'B—Look at the shwate shmoile of him, would yez?

Mr. M—That's all, Pat. You can see the proof next week, Mrs. O'Brien.

Mrs. O'B—All right. Come Pat, me b'y.

Pat—I'm goin' to hike out to the ball ground. The Pirates'll be waitin' for me. [Exit.]

Mrs. O'B (calling loudly after him)—You go home furrust and take off that foine new suit or it will be shpoilt intoirely. [Exit.]

(Enter Mrs. Dusenberry with her dog, Fido, an ugly pug, in her arms.)

Mrs. Dusenberry—Really ,Mr. Mason, seeing so many people excites dear little Fido so that I shall have to ask you to have them all leave the studio. There, there, dearest, nothing shall hurt you.

Bob (aside)—For unmitigated nerve, if that don't take the bakery!

Mr. M—I think he will soon quiet down, Mrs. Dusenberry.

Mrs. D—He is such a nervous little creature. He has perfectly terrible convulsions some times. The doctor says it is his nerves and that I feed him too much sweets, but the little fellow is so fond of candy. The doctor has been coming every day for two weeks and the massage treatment is doing wonders for him. There, there, darling! He is such a sensitive little creature that I suppose this day's experience will set him back, but I just must have the darling's picture.

Mr. M—Take him over there, Mrs. Dusenberry, and we will see what we can do.

Mrs. D—Oh, Mr. Mason, I do want you to get that cutest, sweetest expression of his when he sees a rat. Mr. Mason, couldn't you get a rat—a live rat, for him to look at so that we can get that expression?

Bob (aside)—Well, wouldn't that jar you now? Miss Brown, couldn't you lend her your pompadour?

Miss B (aside)—Keep still.

Mr. M—Well, hardly, Mrs. Dusenberry, but I think I have a jack-in-the-box that will fix him all right.

Mrs. D—I want him taken sitting in a chair. He is so dear when he sits up that way. There, darling, sit still. Isn't he sweet, Mr. Mason?

Bob (aside)—He is a sweet little rosebud, sure thing. She makes me tired.

Mr. M—Mrs. Dusenberry, I believe I can manage him better if you will go out of his sight. Just go into the reception room a little while.

Mrs. D—Leave Fido all alone! Why, the precious darling would die of fright, and I'm afraid you might hurt him. (Fairly wrings her hands.) I can't leave my darling all alone.

Mr. M—Mrs. Dusenberry, I must insist upon it. I can not take his picture with you here. He is so fond of you, you know, that you absorb his attention.

Mrs. D (mollified)—Well, I know that is true. If I thought you would not hurt him, Mr. Mason; promise me that you will not hurt him.

Bob (aside)—You couldn't hurt him. Dynamite wouldn't hurt that little imp.

Mr. M—I promise, Mrs. Dusenberry. [Exit Mrs. D.]

(Mr. Mason labors and struggles with the dog valiantly, and as he finally gets him pretty well posed Mrs. D appears at the door.)

Mrs. D—Oh, Mr. Mason, stop. I entirely forgot to put on Fido's ribbon. He is so dear when he has on that ribbon. I did not put it on before because he chews it up so badly. (Advances with the ribbon and demoralizes the posing.)

Mr. M—Well, Mrs. Dusenberry, you will have to come another time with him. It is all spoiled for today.

Mrs. D—Well, that's just a shame! If I could have been with him I know you could have gotten the picture. Mr. Mason, it's just because you have taken a dislike to poor little innocent Fido and so you have no patience with him at all. I'll not come again another day. I'll go to Snow's and get it taken, so there! (Flounces out with dog in her arms.)

(Enter members of the Apollo club, an orchestra—Phil, Dick and Max. Bob, standing in the door of reception room, sees boys with musical instruments.)

Bob—Hello, fellows! Where did you drop from? Goin' in for pictures, too, are you? My, you look as swell as if you belonged to the Thomas orchestra. Just give us a sample of what you dished up last night, while you're waiting, won't you? (They play a selection, Bob keeping time with

his feet.)

Bob (when they finish)—That's the stuff! Ain't that great? Mr. Mason, you won't need any chemicals for these chaps' pictures. There'll be plenty of tone, all right.

Mr. M (laughing)—They are a tony lot, sure thing. Tell them to come, Bob.

Bob (with a flourish of his hand)—Skidoo there! All ready.

(They enter from reception room.)

Mr. M—You Apollo fellows are furnishing mighty fine music nowadays. Any particular pose?

Dick—Say, Max, can't you strike the attitude you took when Miss Carroll first crossed your horizon? You'd be a peach that way.

Phil—Or, Max, I think you'd better take on that soulful expression you had when I caught you inditing lines to Gretchen.

Max (greatly embarrassed)—Ach, now, poys, keep shtill. Your shokes don't pe goot.

Dick—May as well take your guying and look pleasant, old fellow, since you will stand transfixed when a pretty girl chances to pass your way.

Max—Vell, you don't could plame me, ven I see dot pright shmile run all der vay up her sheeks and her eyes look shust der same as two little shtars in der night-time.

Phil—Yes, my lad, but what will Gretchen say? You must not have too many strings to your bow.

Max—Ach, Philip, dot was shoost some—vot you call him—boetry verses vot I schribbled. Und dot young lady, Gretchen is shoost von tream laty vot I write to. Now, you undershtant?

Phil—Take your word for it, but I would not be surprised to find out that your dream lady tips the beam at one hundred and fifty avoirdupois.

Dick—Say, have you heard Max's latest?

Max—Now, Deeck, don't. Your lanqueech is so ferry deeficult I can not shpeak him right.

Dick—But this is too good to keep, Max. You know he has met Miss Carroll and was getting on famously until he told her of her disgraceful conduct.

Phil—Wha-at?

Dick—Fact. He was telling her that he saw her walking the day before and recognized her by her very disgraceful conduct. You can imagine the effect.

Phil—Well, if that isn't rich!

Dick—It was pretty near all up with dear old Max, but I went to the rescue and explained that he meant to say he recognized her by her very graceful bearing.

Phil (slapping Max on shoulder)—Oh, Max, if that isn't too good.

Dick—But we must get this picture business off or Mr. Mason will throw us out pretty soon. (Take positions with instruments and picture is taken.)

Phil—Shall we have an extra one finished for your dream lady, Max?

Dick—You'd better say one for Miss Carroll.

Max—Deeck need not to talk. Dem dat leef in glass homes neet not to breecks throw.

Dick—What on earth do you mean?

Max—You haf one grand passion for Mees Shtone. You are mad with loof for her. You sait so; I hert you.

Dick—I never said any such thing. Oh!—I know what he means. I said Miss Stone put me in a grand rage, that I was mad clear through when she went off with Holloway after promising to go with me!

Phil—Did Miss Stone do that?

Dick—She certainly did, but I didn't mean to tell the whole town; but Max has given it away. Max, I did not say I loved her; I said just the opposite—that I was mad at her—in a grand rage.

Max—Yes, the grand passion, mad with loof. I understant. You no can fool me. I knows phat I knows. What eef I tell Mees Shtone of your grand passion?

Dick—Max! ! [Exit all three.]

(Enter four generations—great-grandmother, grandmother, mother and child, latter about three years old.)

Mother (to Mr. M)—May we come out here while we are waiting, and let the little one look around and get used to the place?

Mr. M—Certainly.

(Great-grandmother takes the child and carries it around, looking at pictures.)

Mother—Now, grandmother, dear, there you are, carrying that great heavy child. It's too much for you, and she'll be spoiled entirely. Let her walk.

Grandmother—No, mother, don't carry her. She's spoiled, and hard enough to take care of now.

Great-grandmother—The dear little darling! She just loves to be carried and I can't bear to refuse her. (Sits down.)

(Soon the grandmother is up, walking and carrying the child.)

Now, mother, you're carrying that child. If there ever was a spoiled child she'll be one.

Great-grandmother—Yes, daughter, you know what you said to me. Do sit down. She is so heavy, and she surely will be spoiled.

Grandmother—Yes, mother, since you've gotten to be "great" you take on such airs and seem to think you have a monopoly of the spoiling act, but I'm grand if you're great, and I should like to know if grandmothers haven't a right to spoil little girls if they want to?

Great-grandmother—But I'm "great" and "grand," too, and it's great-grandmothers who have to take the part of the poor little innocent darlings and see that they don't get abused.

(The mother takes the child and soon she is walking around with her.)

Grandmother—Now, daughter, who's spoiling that child? After all you've said to me, too.

Great-grandmother—Yes, granddaughter, put her down, for we must not spoil her.

(Enter Mr. Mason.)

Mr. M—I am ready now.

(They pose for picture, the great-grandmother holding the child. When picture is taken, they leave the room, the mother carrying the child.)

Great-grandmother—There you go, granddaughter, carrying that child. Let her walk. She surely will be spoiled.

Grandmother—Yes, she surely will be spoiled. [Exit all.]

Bob (stretching and yawning)—I feel rocky today.

Miss B—Eleven o'clock is a late hour for little boys to be out.

Bob—Yes, old folks call that late. I say, Miss Brown, has Hennery ever thrown it up to you about your age? Was that the cause of the fracas last night?

Miss B—Thrown it up to me about my age? Well, I guess he'd better not! He's a whole six months older than I am.

Bob—Oh, is he? I surely would have taken you to be a whole lot older than Hennery. Haven't you lost out on a few birthdays?

Miss B—Mr. Impudence, I'd thank you to keep still.

Bob—Oh, you don't want birthdays mentioned. You don't have any more at all. I see.

Miss B—You wretch!

(Enter Mr. Deafman and daughter-in-law, Carrie, in reception room. Conversation issues from the reception room.)

Mr. Deafman—Carrie, who was that woman you spoke to just before we came in here?

Carrie—Mrs. Walt Green.

Mr. D—Tall and lean! Well, I should say so; but what is her name?

Carrie—Green, Mrs. Green. Father, do you remember Ezra Crone?

Mr. D—Don't you do it, Carrie. Take an old man's advice and do nothing of the kind.

Carrie—Whatever can he mean? Don't do what, father?

Mr. D—Didn't you say she asked you for a loan?

Carrie—Why, no; I asked you if you remember Ezra Crone?

Mr. D—Of course I remember Ezry. I've known him boy and man for more than fifty years, but I've sorto' lost track of him since he moved over Slowbridge way. Poor Ezry! Somehow he didn't have the knack of gittin' on. He's had lots of bad luck. What's the matter with him now?

Carrie—Mrs. Green tells me he has lost his wife.

Mr. D—Lost his knife? Well, what if he has? I guess Ezry ain't so hard run that he can't scrape up money to buy another.

Carrie—You do not understand. Mr. Crone has lost his wife.

Mr. D—Has bought a fife? Well, don't that beat all. Why, he can't play a tune to save his life and what good will a fife do him?

Carrie—His wife is dead.

Mr. D—Wife has fled! Sho, now, you don't tell me? Dear me! what's this world comin' to, with people getting divorces and running away every day. Who did she run away with?

Carrie—Oh, dear! He seems determined not to hear.

Mr. D—Too much beer? Is that why she left him? When did Ezry take to drink? I never heard of it. But his wife was one of the naggin' kind, and I expect she drove him to it.

Carrie—Father, his wife did not run away; she is DEAD!

Mr. D—Wife dead? Well, why didn't you say so? She was Sallie Noble before she married Ezry, and the purtiest girl for miles around. I was

sweet on her myself till Ezry cut me out, and it was just as well he did. What was the matter with her?

Carrie—She had the grip.

Mr. D—Had a fit? Well, I want to know!

Carrie—She had the grip!

Mr. D—Yes, it's Sallie's last trip.

Carrie—I said grip, grip, GRIP!

Mr. D—Oh, grip! Well, you needn't holler so loud, I ain't deef.

(Mr. Mason appears at reception room door.)

Mr. M—I am ready now.

Carrie—Mr. Mason is ready now, father.

Mr. D—Well, I suppose I am a bother.

Carrie—Mr. Mason is waiting for us.

Mr. D—Mr. Mason making a fuss. What's he fussing about?

Carrie—Mr. Mason is waiting to take your picture.

Mr. D—Oh, is he? Well, why didn't you say so before? Well, I'm ready. (They enter and Mr. D. continues): Henry's wife came with me today, because they think I'm a little thick of hearing and mother was afraid you could not make me understand, but I don't see but I get along all right and hear quite well.

Mr. M—You may sit here.

Mr. D—Hey!

Mr. M—Take this seat.

Mr. D—Take my feet? Why, I hadn't thought about it, but I suppose you'll have to. I can't get 'em off for the occasion.

Mr. M—Your head a little to the right, that way.

Mr. D—Yes, 'tis a bright day, and I'm glad of it. The soldiers saw enough dark days in the war.

Carrie—Mr. Mason wants you to turn your head this way.

Mr. D—My head turning gray? Yes, it's nearly white, but I never would use hair dye.

(Mr. M. goes and turns his head.)

Mr. M—Now, you're all right. Straighten up your shoulders and look about here.

Mr. D (jumping up)—Soldiers passing here? I want to see them. (Hurries across the room.)

Mr. M—No, no, Mr. Deafman; come back, keep your seat.

Carrie—Mr. Mason says he wants you to take the chair.

Mr. D—Mr. Mason wants to swear! Sho now, he wouldn't do that. Besides, he's nothing to swear about.

Bob—Nothing to swear about! Should think he'd want to, in three languages.

(Mr. M. finally gets him in position and takes picture.)

Carrie—Come, father, it's done now and we must go.

Mr. D—Sit just so? Well, I'll try to.

Carrie—Your picture is taken, you're through.

Mr. D—In a stew? No, indeed; I can sit here all the afternoon if need be.

Mr. M—I'm through with you—I have your picture.

Mr. D—You don't tell me? When did you get it?

Carrie—Come on, father, we'll be too late for the speeches. Oh, he is so slow! (Takes his arm and tries to hurry him, but Mr. D. turns and looks at Bob.)

Mr. D—He's her beau? He's nothing but a boy—a mere child? [Exit Mr. D. and Carrie.]

Miss B—How's that, Bobbie?

Bob—Huh! the old fellow's blind as well as deaf. He's enough to drive a man to drink!

(Enter Mr. Carey, a middle-aged man, who accosts Mr. Mason.)

Mr. Carey—How do you do, sir? Can you take a picture from this?

(Reaches down in his pocket and brings out a picture.)

Mr. S (looking at picture critically)—Yes, I think I can. When would you like to have it?

Mr. C—I'll be in your city again in three weeks.

Mr. M—All right; what name shall I put on it?

Mr. C—Here's my card.

Mr. M (looking at the picture again)—This is one of the old daguerreotypes, isn't it?

Mr. C—Yes, that's a picture of my mother. I'd almost forgotten that I had a mother until a few weeks ago, I heard Billy Sunday. What he said set me to thinking. I crossed the continent to obtain this picture, which has laid in the bottom of a chest at the old homestead for years.

Mr. M—I appreciate what it means to you and I'll do my best to reproduce it.

Mr. C—Thank you; I intend to carry it with me always, and whenever I am tempted to go wrong, this will round me up all right. [Exit Mr. C.]

(Enter Mrs. Coaxwell and little daughter, Blossom, and Grandma Coaxwell. Blossom is about eight years old.)

Mrs. Coaxwell—Come, Blossom, darling, and let mamma fix your hair and get you ready to have your picture taken. (Blossom stands before a picture and pays no attention to her mother.) Come, sweetheart; you know you are going to have your picture taken to send to Aunt Carrie, and you have on your pretty new dress, and your curls are so sweet. Mother's little daughter looks perfectly charming this afternoon. Come, dearie.

Bob—Yes, she is charming. I'd charm that kid a time or two if I had her.

Mrs. C—Come now, pet; don't let mamma have to coax you.

Grandma C—Come, Blossom, you mustn't act so.

Blossom—You be still; you ain't my boss.

Mrs. C—There, mother, you never could manage her. You only aggravate her. (To Blossom): My darling, you must not speak so to your grandma. It is not nice. She is so sensitive.

Bob (aside)—A regular little sensitive plant.

Blos—I don't care, she ain't going to boss me.

Mrs. C—No, Dolly, nobody is going to boss you. Come, now, my love. I want you to look your very sweetest. Won't Aunt Carrie be surprised to see how our baby has grown? Come, dear, Mr. Mason will be ready very soon.

Blos—I don't care if he will. I don't like him, anyway and I ain't no baby, so there! (Stamps her foot.)

Mrs. C—Of course you are no baby, darling; mamma did not mean to offend you. But don't you remember, sweetheart, the last time you had your picture taken Mr. Mason gave you some candy.

Blos—Yes, and he sat me down in the chair so hard he hurt me, and I ain't going to have my picture taken, so now!

Bob (aside)—Wish Mr. Mason would let me set her down in the chair.

Mrs. C—Come, love, please do come. Mamma can't keep coming down here every few days. This is the third time now and you promised mamma you surely would this morning.

Blos—I wanted to get down to see the parade.

Mrs. C—Come, darling, mamma is almost losing patience. If you were not such a delicate child I should be almost tempted to punish you.

Blos—Oh, get out!

Mrs. C—Do you know, Blossom, who you are speaking to? You almost make me cross with you. You really do.

Blos—I don't care. I won't have my picture taken. I won't, I won't.

(Enter Mr. Mason.)

Mr. M—Come. Mrs. Coaxwell, I am ready. Blossom, are you going to be a good little girl today, and sit for your picture?

Blos—No, I ain't.

Mr. M—Hoity, toity, what's up now? You must have got up on the wrong side of the bed. Somewhat cloudy today, eh?

Mrs. C—Blossom, Mr. Mason is waiting. Are you ready, pet?

Blos (mimicking her mother's voice)—No, I ain't ready, pet.

Mrs. C (with sigh)—Blossom, dearest, what does make you act so? You are making mamma really tired.

Mr. M—Come, Blossom; you will wear your mother all out. There is no sense in your acting so.

Mrs. C—Oh, Mr. Mason, please don't get out of patience with the dear child, please don't. Our little daughter is so sensitive. Mr. Coaxwell and I made up our minds that moral suasion is all that should be used in governing a child, and it has worked like a charm.

Bob (aside)—Moral spanking is what she needs, and she needs it good and plenty.

(Blossom begins to cry.)

Mrs. C—Come, my pet, come to your own mamma. They shan't abuse my darling. There, there, don't cry, or you'll spoil your pretty face.

Grandma—Blossom, if you will be a good girl and have your picture taken, grandma will let you ride on the merry-go-round.

Blos—Five times?

Grandma—Yes, five times.

Blos—Ten times?

Grandma—No, five times. (Blossom begins to cry.)

Mrs. C—Now, mother, you should not suggest such a thing if you do not intend to gratify her, for you know she never could stand being crossed.

Grandma—Well, ten times, then.

Blos—All right, I will then.

Grandma—And you do love grandma, don't you?

Blos—Uh, huh.

(Picture is taken without more trouble.)

Bob—Gee! wouldn't I like to have hold of her about five minutes!

Miss B—I wouldn't mind taking a hand, myself.

Bob—Kids ought to be made to mind on the dot, without any monkey business. There is entirely too much of taking their part. I tell you, I'd make 'em walk chalk.

Miss B—Yes, you've had such long experience, you'd better deliver lectures on the subject. You'd draw crowded houses.

Bob—I tell you, they'd have to mind instanter, if they were around me.

Miss B—I'd pity the kids you'd "bring up by hand". Wouldn't you make a peach of a stern parent?

(Enter Miss Malinda Snowball and Mr. George Washington Johnson, colored persons, dressed to kill for a cake walk. With them enters Mr. Mason.)

Mr. Johnson—Yes, sah, we wants ouah pictuahs, sah, we suahly do. Ha, ha, ha!

Mr. M—What sort of picture do you want?

Mr. J—We want it very excruciatin', very. We was the mos' handsomest couple at de cake walk las' night, and we carried off de cake, we did, suah 'nuf. 'Peared lak one time dere dat we moughtn't git it, fer dat no 'count nigger Rastus Smif and Pearl Jackson, dey tought dey looked mighty scrumptious, but dey weren't in it nohow. Me and Miss Lindy we showed 'em. De way we curt'sied low and hel' our h'ads up high and chassayed down that hall was somethin' mos' grandiloquent. Yah, yah, yah!

Mr. Mason—Of course you want the picture full length?

Mr. J—Ob co'se. We's boun' to cut a swell in dis yer pictuah. Ain't that about right, Miss 'Lindy? Yah, yah, yah!

Miss L—It suah is, Mr. Johnsing.

Mr. J—Now, Miss Lindy, le's try to expostulate a little—do a little attitudin', you know, till we dun git asphyxiated propah.

Miss L—Is my hair dun fixed all right, Mistuh Wash?

Mr. J—Suah t'ing, Miss 'Lindy. It hab jest perzackly de propah kink.

Miss L—'Deed and does I look all right, Mistah Wash? (Giggles.)

Mr. J—You jest does, mah honey. You look fo' all de wo'ld lak a night-bloomin' cereus and a lily ob de valley.

Miss L (looking conscious)—Go 'long, dere now, wid yer foolin'. He, he, he!

Mr. J—Dat's no foolin'—dat's de trufe. You look mighty splendificant and my h'art's jest teetotally combustionated.

Miss L(tossing her head)—I s'pose you said de same t'ing to dat pert yaller gal, Rose Willams, when you done took her home de oder night.

Mr. J—'Deed I didn't, Miss Lindy, I nebah said no sech t'ing to Rose Williams. You's de only gal for me. (He bows low and advances toward her. They strike an attitude and the picture is taken. Tableau and colored lights.)

Mr. J (as they leave)—Be suah and make dat pictuah de swelles' swell. If yo' do I'll bring you a hunk o' dat dere cake, Mistuh Mason. We's goin' to 'stonishfy de natives wid dat pictuah, we is, an' make dat 'Rastus niggah feel lak suicidin' hisself. [Exit.]

(Enter Harvey Atherton, a well-groomed, well-dressed young man.)

Mr. Atherton—Mr. Mason, do you know anything about that picture?

Mr. M (scrutinizing picture very carefully)—No, I don't, and I think the one who took that is not anxious to display his name and trade mark.

Mr. A—That certainly is a picture of me, but I never sat at a table in a wine room with any young woman—never. This wretched picture has cost me the love of one of the dearest girls in the world. It is a base libel, yet how can I prove it?

Mr. M—It is easily explained. There probably is some one who has an object in injuring your reputation.

Mr. A—There surely must be. I have my suspicions, but am not sure. But explain to me, I am all impatience.

(Enter Miss Stafford, who seems much embarrassed when she sees Mr. Atherton, and her manner becomes very cold and distant.)

Miss S—Oh! I beg pardon. I wished to see Mr. Mason. (Turns hastily to go out.)

Mr. M—Don't go, Miss Stafford; wait.

Mr. A—Please don't go, Miss Stafford.

Miss S—I don't know why I should wait. I can see Mr. Mason another time.

Mr. M—I think I can tell you something that will interest you about this picture. (Holds it up.)

Miss S—That picture has no interest for me, none whatever.

Mr. S—Well, if it has no interest for you, just wait because I ask you

to, and hear what I am going to tell Mr. Atherton about it. I beg as a favor to me that you stay.

Miss S—Well, since you insist.

Mr. M—Some one, evidently an enemy of Mr. Atherton, has taken this picture of a young man and young woman sitting at a table drinking wine and has inserted a photograph of Mr. Atherton in the place of the young man and then re-photographed it, producing this picture. It is very cleverly done, but it is an infamous trick.

Miss S—Then I have cruelly misjudged you, Harvey; can you ever forgive me?

Mr. A—Yes, I forgive you freely, if I am restored to favor. But how did you get this picture?

Miss S—I see it all now. Marie Morgan gave it to me and you know she is Herbert Thompson's cousin.

Mr. A—Ah, ha! so Herbert is our friend the enemy? I suspected as much since he is so eager to win the favor of a certain young lady. Mason, I am everlastingly obliged and grateful to you for what you have done today in straightening out this tangle and making me the happiest man in the world. Words don't come easy when you want to express a thing like this, but I'm sure you understand how tremendously I appreciate it.

Mr. M—Don't mention it. I could not see a man under unjust suspicion and fail to remove it if in my power.

Miss S—Mr. Mason, I don't know how I can express to you my deep gratitude. You have saved me from a cruel and unjust mistake, which might have proved a life-long regret.

Mr. S—Mine is the gratitude, Miss Stafford, that I was able to serve so true and fair a woman. But let us say no more about it.

Miss S (with embarrassed manner and downcast face)—I have a confession which I think I must make. My errand with Mr. Mason was to find out what I could about that wretched picture.

Mr. A—Bless your dear heart! Did you really come for that? (Takes her arm and they go off together.) It's almost too good to be true.

Bob—That's a jolly pair of lovers. I think I'll go into the lover business myself when I can decide upon a beloved object who will suit my fastidious tastes and fancies.

Miss B—You are irrepressible and non-squelchable. Mr. Mason, you are the good fairy, who by your magic has reconciled two loving hearts that were estranged. Why, it's quite like a story book.

Bob—Yes. There's not so many thrills in it, but it is pretty near as good as Sir Brian the Bold, or the Knight of the Trusty Lance. (With melodramatic air.) The heavy villain is th-wart-ed and two fond hearts are united which a c-ru-el fate had torn asunder. Curtain and slow music; ahem!

(Enter William Porter, Jacob Kaiser and Ephraim Watson, old soldiers.)

Porter—Hulloa, Mason! Here's two of my comrades from my regiment back east—the One Hundred and Thirty-first Pennsylvania Volunteers. I just happened to run acrost 'em today. They're visiting in these parts and I'll be bound if I wasn't tickled to death to set eyes on 'em once more. We hain't seen each other since—when was it, Eph, that I seen you last?

Watson—W'y, don't you know? It was in May, '63, when we were mustered out.

Porter—You're right, you're right; it was the very day we were mustered out. I was thinkin' I didn't see you that last day, but it all comes back to me now.

Kaiser—Yes, boys, we all three parted on that day.

Port—I tell you, Mason, I love all the "boys in blue," but them fellers that touched shoulders with me in the thick of the battle seem mighty near to me. And, Mason, can you take our picture? We want to stand once more together.

Mr. M—I will have to ask you to wait a little while, but I will be ready soon.

Port—All right. We'll just set down here. Boys, I often look back on that winter of '63, when we laid for seven weeks on the banks of the little Potomac, before the battle of Fredericksburg, when the time went so slow and we used to get awful impatient to be up and at the Rebs.

Watson—Yes, but we had our fun, too. Do you mind the time, Bill, that Jake here got hungry for chicken and went out, thinkin' if good luck would get him nigh a hen-roost he would do the rest?

Porter—I remember it mighty well.

Wat—He didn't ketch the chicken, but the Johnny Rebs came mighty nigh ketchin' him.

Port—You know, Eph, there's a seekle to that story. When he came back to the lines, the sentry on guard was a new recruit and did not recog-

nize Jake and was about to blaze away at him, and Jake was so scairt that he forgot the countersign and yelled out "chicken!"

Kaiser—You fellers never spoil a yarn in the tellin'. That'll do to tell, but if I had yelled "chicken" that would have been the end of Uncle Jake. Speakin' of eppysodes, Port, 'pears to me I can mind one that you figgered in pretty prominent—the time Bill chased the pig. Eph, you remember?

Watson—Well, I just nacherally guess I do. Some of the rest of us was in on that, too, but we quit in time.

Kaiser—It was as good as a show to see "Port" after that pig as tight as he could go, and the first thing he knew he found himself right at the front door of a fine old mansion, and a mighty stately old lady come out; and then the old colored mammy darted out from the kitchen quarters with a kittle of hot water which she let fly at Bill, sayin', "Take dat; you'll need it to scald dat dere horg when you kotch him." Many's the time I've laughed when I've thought of it.

Watson—No roast pig that day. We had smacked our lips thinking of it, but it was the same old hardtack, and Billy Porter was Billy Porker after that.

(Enter Mr. Mason.)

Mr. M—Ready, Mr. Porter.

Port—All right, boys, come on. We brought our flag along (goes and gets flag) for we want to stand together once more with "Old Glory" in our midst. (They pose with the flag. Tableau and colored lights and patriotic music—fife and drum, band or piano.)

[Curtain.]

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